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A ROUND OF RIMES





# A ROUND OF RIMES

BY

DENIS A. McCARTHY

*Author of "Voices from Erin"*

SECOND EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

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BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

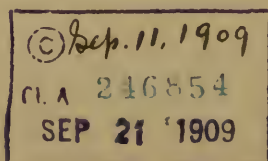
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TO ONE

WHO "NEVER DOUBTED CLOUDS  
WOULD BREAK"



## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN answer to a popular demand this second edition of the author's first book of verses, "A Round of Rimes," is now presented. The present volume contains all the poems which won for the first edition the praise of critics everywhere. A few poems, however, of a merely personal or topical interest, the author has eliminated, and has added a number, since written:

A Song for The Flag,  
Age in Exile,  
What is Success?  
To an Irish Thrush,  
A Song of Beauty,  
The Fortune Fairy,  
The Veterans,  
Spring Song,  
The Fields o' Ballyclare,  
Queens,

The May Procession,  
The Singer,  
On St. Patrick's Day,  
A Song for the Child-  
Workers,  
Give Them a Place to  
Play,  
In the Heart of the Hills,  
The Caged Songster,  
Rosa Mystica.

The author's acknowledgments are due to the  
"Youth's Companion," "The Rosary Magazine,"

## PREFACE

“The Christian Endeavor World,” “The Ave Maria,” “The Journal of Education,” and “The New York Sun,” for permission to use in this volume poems which were contributed originally by him to those publications.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

AUGUST, 1909.

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# A ROUND OF RIMES



## A Song for the Flag

**H**ERE is my love to you, flag of the free, and flag  
of the tried and true ;

Here is my love to your streaming stripes and your  
stars in a field of blue;

Here is my love to your silken folds wherever they  
wave on high,

For you are the flag of a land for which 't were sweet  
for a man to die.

Green though the banner my fathers bore in the days  
of their ancient wars,

Men of my race full many have died for the banner of  
stripes and stars.

Bearing the green my fathers battled and bled in the  
olden fray;

But you, O beautiful flag of the free, are the flag of our  
hearts to-day.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

So with the myriad races of men who, leaving the past  
behind,  
Give to the land of their manhood's choice allegiance  
of heart and mind,  
Laboring ever, with hand or brain, the nation they  
help to build,  
For you, O beautiful flag, are to them the sign of a  
hope fulfilled.

Native or foreign, we're all as one when cometh the  
day of strife.  
What is the dearest gift we can give for the flag but a  
human life?  
Native or foreign are all the same when the heart's  
blood reddens the earth,  
And, native or foreign, 't is love like this is the ultimate  
test of our worth.

Native or immigrant, here is the task to which we  
must summon our powers:  
Ever unsullied to keep the flag in peace as in war's  
wild hours.  
Selfishness, narrowness, graft, and greed and the evil  
that hates the light, —  
All these are foes of the flag to-day; all these we must  
face and fight.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire  
to be free,  
Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to  
the western sea;  
Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your  
stripes may gleam,  
To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater  
deeds that we dream.

Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the  
tried and true;  
Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your  
stars in a field of blue;  
Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over  
which you fly,  
And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it  
were sweet to die.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Age in Exile

**W**EARY of the miles and miles of crowded street  
and square,

Weary of the towering walls that stint the light and air,  
Weary of the clanging bells — ay, moidhered with the  
noise —

Weary of the crabbit look of little girls and boys —  
How I miss the mountainside, and how I miss the  
glins!

How I miss the singing and the sighing of the win's!  
How I miss the silence in the dark that used to fall —  
Yet it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

Faces by the thousand, it is here a man may pass —  
Never such a sight at home, at market or at Mass!  
Faces like the tides that in the river ebb and flow,  
Yet, among them all, there 's not a face a man may  
know.

Ah, I 'm often wishing now for just a sight of one  
Face that was familiar in the pleasant time that 's gone.  
How the sight would hearten me when life begins to  
pall —

For it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Ay, my boys are good as gold since first they brought  
me out —

Not a blessed thing to do but smoke and walk about.

Eating of the very best and wearing decent clothes —

Sure 't is I 'm the happy man, God in heaven knows.

Yet I can't deny but that I do be missing still

Places I was used to once in meadow, vale and hill;

Places — ay, and faces, too, and voices I recall —

For it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### What is Success?

**W**HAT is success? To gain a share of gold?  
To have one's wealth in envious accents told?  
To see one's picture flaunted in the press?  
Ah, there be those who label this success.

What is success? To win a little fame?  
To hear a fickle world applaud your name?  
To be accounted as a genius? Yes,  
And there be those who label this success.

But have we not another standard still  
To judge a man of character and will?  
Are gold and fame the only measures tried?  
In all the world is there no test beside?

Ah, yes. The man who meets, with courage grim,  
The daily duties that devolve on him,  
The petty, mean, heart-breaking cares that tire  
The patient soul that never may aspire —



## A ROUND OF RIMES

Howe'er so cramped the field wherein he works,  
He has not failed — the man who never shirks,  
The man who toils for years without a break,  
And treads the path of pain for others' sake.

There are a myriad of such men to-day,  
Who, all unnoted, walk the dolorous way —  
Upon their shoulders still the cross may press,  
But who will say they have not won success?

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### To an Irish Thrush

**O**H, little Irish thrush,  
Hush, oh, hush!

I hear you singing in the morning bright,  
At glowing noon I hear you, and at night;  
And, oh, your song, to others gay and glad,  
To me is sweet, so sweet! but, ah, so sad!  
So hush, and do not sing!  
Your minstrelsies such poignant mem'ries bring,  
That tears will flow  
At all the dreams revived of long ago!

Oh, little Irish thrush,  
Hush, oh, hush!

You are an exile, like myself, and so  
I can detect an undertone of woe  
In all your singing, though your master here,  
Dull with content, it does not pierce his ear.  
So hush, and sing no more,  
My heart is full, my eyes are running o'er  
Because your song  
Recalls old days I deemed were buried long.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Oh, little Irish thrush,  
Hush, oh, hush !  
Your jovial master thinks that you are gay,  
He hears with pride your singing all the day,  
He thinks you are content, and that you ne'er  
Long for the Irish woods, the Irish air —  
So hush, and do not sing,  
Let not for souls like his your music ring,  
And for my sake,  
Hush, little exile, or my heart will break !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Song of Beauty

**O**H, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the  
stressful song,  
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and  
wrong,  
I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies  
curled,  
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the  
gray old world!

Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day  
in the sun!  
The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the  
meadows run!  
Oh, sing of the sighing branches of trees in the leafy  
woods,  
And the balm for the heart that's hidden afar in the  
solitudes!

The birds — let them sing in your singing and flash  
through the lines you write,  
The lark with his lilt in the morning, the nightingale  
charming the night,

## A ROUND OF RIMES

The butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted  
wing —

All these, let them brighten and lighten the beautiful  
song you sing !

And let there be faces of lovers, and let there be eyes  
that glow,

And let there be tears of gladness instead of the tears  
of woe,

And let there be clinging kisses of lips for a time that  
part,

But never a tristful shadow to darken a trustful heart !

Ay, sing me a song of beauty — away with the songs  
of strife !

Away with the spectre of sorrow that saddens the most  
of life !

Though under the leaf the adder of death and of doom  
lies curled,

Oh, sing, for a space, of the beauty that gladdens the  
gray old world !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Fortune Fairy

**I**F you walk in Tipperary  
By a certain castle gray,  
Like as not you'll meet a fairy  
Somewhere there along the way.

He's a crabbed little fellow  
In a quaint, old-fashioned suit,  
Scarlet coat and waistcoat yellow,  
And a three-cocked hat to boot.

All his fingers to his knuckles  
Crusted thick with glitt'ring rings,  
And a pair of silver buckles  
On his shoes, like any king's!

Well, perhaps he'll be reclining,  
"Fair and aisy" in the sun,  
Feeling drowsy after dining  
And not much disposed to run.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Faith, 't is then's your chance to nab him,  
Steal up softly in the shade,  
Steal up cautiously and grab him,  
And your fortune's surely made!

Yes, your fortune's made forever,  
If you look him in the eyes,  
Vowing he'll escape you never  
Till he tells you where it lies —

Where it lies, the hidden treasure,  
Good gold pieces fair and round,  
Minted in no stinted measure  
By the fairies underground!

He'll be turning, he'll be twisting,  
He'll be peevish as a cat,  
He'll deny the gold's existing,  
He'll be saying this and that.

He'll be mocking, he'll be crying,  
He'll be grave and he'll be gay —  
Every trick will he be trying  
Just to make you look away!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

But whatever thing he's saying,  
And whatever trick he tries,  
And whatever game he's playing —  
Look him straight between the eyes!

Ay, be wary and be steady,  
For 't is oft the rogue has laughed  
At the mortals fooled already  
By his cunning and his craft.

Ay, be steady and be wary,  
For the quiver of a lash  
Will release the Fortune Fairy,  
And he 'll vanish like a flash!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Veterans

**E**VERY year they're marching slower,  
Every year they're stooping lower,  
Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older  
men;  
Every year the flags above them  
Seem to bend and bless and love them  
As if grieving for the future when they 'll never march  
again!

Every year that day draws nearer —  
Every year this truth is clearer  
That the men who saved the nation from the severing  
Southern sword  
Soon must pass away forever  
From the scene of their endeavor,  
Soon must answer to the roll call of the angel of the  
Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,  
Loyal still to those that slumber,  
Forth they march to where already many have found  
peace at last,

## A ROUND OF RIMES

And they place the fairest blossoms  
O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms  
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles  
of the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,  
Tattered flag and faded color;  
Every year the hands that bear them find a harder  
task to do,  
And the eyes that only brightened  
When the blaze of battle lightened,  
Like the tattered flags they follow are grown dim and  
faded too.

Every year we see them massing,  
Every year we watch them passing,  
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain,  
But the battle flags above them  
Seem to bend and bless and love them,  
And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone  
of pain !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Spring Song

**W**INTER days are dreary,  
    Winter nights are long, —  
Cometh March, and robin breaks  
    The silence with a song.  
Cometh April, shine and show'r  
    Freely forth to fling,  
Breaking beauty's slumber with  
    The tender touch of Spring.

Winter days so dreary !  
    Winter nights so long !  
Still may brood about the soul  
    In spite of robin's song ;  
April from the world may bid  
    Wintry winds depart,  
Still its magic may not move  
    The winter of the heart.

Oh, ye folk so dreary,  
    Brooding over wrong ! —  
Cast away your sadness when  
    You hear the robin's song.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Let the season to your souls  
Mirth and music bring,  
Let your hearts be radiant with  
The sunshine of the Spring!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Fields o' Ballyclare

I 'VE known the Spring in England —  
And, oh, 't is pleasant there  
When all the buds are breaking  
And all the land is fair!  
But all the time the heart of me,  
The better, sweeter part of me,  
Was sobbin' for the robin  
In the fields o' Ballyclare!

I 've known the Spring in England —  
And, oh, 't is England's fair!  
With Springtime in her beauty,  
A queen beyond compare!  
But all the while the soul of me,  
Beyond the poor control of me,  
Was sighin' to be flyin'  
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

I 've known the Spring in England —  
And now I know it here;  
This many a month I've longed for  
The openin' of the year.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

But, ah, the Irish mind of me  
(I hope 't is not unkind of me)  
Is turnin' back with yearnin'  
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Queens

**J**UST like a queen, sure, she carries the head of  
her —

Ay, and her hair is a crown of bright gold !

Just like a queen's is the pose and the tread of her,

Just like a queen in a story of old.

Queen? — there 's not one in the world to compare  
with her,

Never a queen beauty's sceptre could bear with her,

Never a queen beauty's diadem wear with her,

She is so stately, so proud — and so cold !

Faith, she may freeze whom she please with her  
coldness, then,

I 'm for a maid of a mellower mien,

One who won't sneer at or jeer at my boldness, when

I 'll be confessing how foolish I 've been.

She 's not a queen — no, but she 's got a way with her,

She has the mildness and sweetness of May with her,

Faith, 't is myself 'll be tripping away with her —

Sure, 't is a wife a man wants, not a queen !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The May Procession

WHAT is clearer, what is dearer, than the children's voices singing,  
As they come with banners waving, as they come  
with garlands gay,  
Where the waking buds are breaking and the tender  
grass is springing,  
In Our Lady's month of beauty, in Our Lady's  
month of May!

What is purer or demurer than the fresh young flower-  
like faces  
(Ah, no flowers in all the meadows are so gracious  
or so sweet!),  
As advancing, softly glancing, through the fragrant  
woodland places,  
They approach the shrine of Mary, there to kneel  
at Mary's feet!

What is fairer, what is rarer, than Our Lady's May  
procession!  
What is nearer to a foretaste of a more than earthly  
bliss!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

Ah, no pleasure, — ah, no treasure, of our later life's  
possession

Can compare with all the sweetness and the innocence of this !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Singer

**I**F song is born within your heart —  
Then, like the lark on soaring wing,  
Untouched by rules and schools of art,  
In sooth you can not help but sing.  
Behold the bird, untrained, untaught,  
What music from his throat is flung —  
E'en so, the song by you unsought  
Will fall in sweetness from your tongue.

If song within your breast is born,  
Not all the strife of street or mart,  
Nor cold neglect nor smile of scorn  
Can drive its magic from your heart.  
Though years that come and years that go  
Their burdens to your soul may bring,  
Through all the work, through all the woe,  
The singer can not help but sing!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### On St. Patrick's Day

**A**MERICA, America, O noblest land and best !  
To-day thine eyes behold a glimpse of green on  
many a breast;  
And in thine ear to-day there sounds a weird and  
witching strain,  
A lilt of mingled joy and grief, of merriment and pain.  
For this is Erin's day of days, and many a son of thine  
First saw the light of earthly life in Erin's valleys  
shine;  
And so the Irish color gleams, the Irish poet sings,  
And o'er the noises of the street the Irish music rings !

America, America, thou land of dreams come true !  
We love thee none the less because we love old Ireland  
too.  
These sprigs of green we wear to-day no treason  
symbolize —  
They only show how tenderly old memories we prize;  
They show what loyalty to thee and to thy righteous  
cause  
Can fill the hearts that hungered long beneath a  
tyrant's laws;

## A ROUND OF RIMES

They only show, these sprigs of green that 'round thy  
flag we twine,  
The depth and fervor of the love we offer thee as  
thine.

America, America, we 've given thee our toil,  
We 've helped to rear thy roaring marts and till thy  
teeming soil;  
We 've spiked the gleaming bonds of steel that bind  
the East and West,  
We 've digged the ore from out the mines that pierce  
thy mountains' breast.  
We 've thought for thee, we 've wrought for thee —  
we 've fought for thee as well;  
We 've helped to bear thy banner through the battle's  
blazing hell —  
We love thee as our peerless queen, O gracious land  
and glad;  
But ah, the dear old mother land so lowly and so sad !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Song for the Child-Workers

Ah, the little hands too skilful,  
And the child-mind choked with weeds!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

**S**HALL we cheat them of their childhood? Shall  
we rob them of their right?

Shall we bend their shrinking shoulders 'neath the  
load?

Shall we stunt their slender bodies? Shall we stint  
their souls of light?

Shall we deal with them by Greed's accursèd code?  
Ah, my brothers, from your ledgers for a moment  
turn away!

Ah, my sisters, leave your follies and your toys —  
And give ear to one whose song is for humanity to-day,  
For the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

Dearly do we pay for progress, dearly are our profits  
priced,

If we have to rob the school to run the mill,  
And our creed 's the creed of Mammon, not the gentle  
creed of Christ,

If the little ones He loved must suffer still!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Let us cease our foolish babble of the rolling tide of  
trade,

Let us prate no more of traffic and its noise,  
If the wheels of Commerce rattle o'er a roadway that  
is made

Of the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

Shall we cheat them of their childhood? Shall we rob  
them of their right?

Shall we bind them to the chariot of Gain? ' .

Shall the childish brain be blunted, shall the little  
face grow white

In the crowded hives of Industry — and Pain?

Ah, my brothers! Ah, my sisters, you had better turn  
away

From your ledgers and your dividends and toys,  
For a menace to the future is the thrift that thrives  
to-day

On the bodies and the souls of girls and boys!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Give Them a Place to Play

**P**LENTY of room for dives and dens (glitter and glare and sin !),

Plenty of room for prison pens (gather the criminals in !),

Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing enough to pay !),

But never a place for the lads to race; no, never a place to play !

Plenty of room for shops and stores (Mammon must have the best !),

Plenty of room for the running sores that rot in the city's breast !

Plenty of room for the lures that lead the hearts of our youth astray,

But never a cent on a playground spent; no, never a place to play !

Plenty of room for schools and halls, plenty of room for art;

Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform, stage, and mart.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Proud is the city — she finds a place for many a fad  
to-day,

But she 's more than blind if she fails to find a place  
for the boys to play!

Give them a chance for innocent sport, give them a  
chance for fun —

Better a playground plot than a court and a jail when  
the harm is done!

Give them a chance — if you stint them now, to-  
morrow you 'll have to pay

A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them a place to  
play!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### In the Heart of the Hills

OH, fain would I hide in the heart of the hills  
    Away from the roar and the rattle of trade !  
Oh, fain would I rest where the rivulet spills  
    Its silvery wave in a fairy cascade !  
Where apples are ripe and where maples are red,  
And gossamer webs of the spider are spread,  
I 'm fain to recline with the sward for a bed,  
    In the heart of the hills !

Oh, fain would I fly to the heart of the hills  
    Where proudly the flags of the fall are unfurled !  
Oh, fain would I dwell 'mid the splendor that fills  
    The landscape afar to the rim of the world !  
For now when the heat of the summer is fled,  
When apples are ripe and when maples are red,  
There 's balm for the bosom, there 's rest for the head,  
    In the heart of the hills !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Caged Songster

**D**EEP in the city's heart,  
Pulsing with toil and traffic —  
Why should I stop and start?  
Something — a song seraphic —  
Tones of a silvery sweetness,  
Tones like a golden bell,  
Rich in their round completeness,  
Full on mine ear they fell!

Only a bird's song, only  
The song of a skylark lonely,  
Far from the meadow and croft,  
Caged in a cobbler's loft.

Sing, little lark, O sing!  
E'en though your heart be breaking,  
Forth from your bosom fling  
Music of God's own making!  
Cruel the hand that sought you  
Deep in the meadow's breast,  
Cruel the hand that brought you  
Here from your peaceful nest!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Yet while your voice remaineth,  
Yet while your heart retaineth  
Even one dream of Spring,  
Sing, little lark, O sing!

Deep in the city's heart  
Pulsing with toil and traffic,  
Far from the fields apart  
Many a soul seraphic,  
Many a poet sadly  
Pent in the busy throng,  
Sings till the people gladly  
Pause and applaud his song.

Ah, 't is a bird's song only —  
That of a skylark lonely,  
Far from the meadow and croft,  
Caged in a cobbler's loft!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Rosa Mystica

O MYSTIC Rose, in God's fair garden growing,  
O Mystic Rose, in Heaven's high courtyard  
blowing —

Make sweet, make sweet the pathway I am going,  
O Mystic Rose!

The darkling, deathward way that I am going,  
O Mystic Rose!

O Rose, more white than snow-wreath in December!

O Rose, more red than sunset's dying ember,

My sins forget, my penitence remember,

O Mystic Rose!

Though all should fail, I pray that thou remember,

O Mystic Rose!

O Mystic Rose, the moments fly with fleetness;

To judgment I, with all my incompleteness —

But thou, make intercession by thy sweetness,

O Mystic Rose!

Be near to soothe and save me by thy sweetness,

O Mystic Rose!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Poet

**T**HE poet sees the tragedy that lies  
Concealed within the heart from other eyes.

Behind the mask, behind the surface smile  
He sees the gnawing canker-grief the while.

Beneath the word he sees the deeper thought,  
And, deeper still, the soul with sorrow fraught.

All things reveal themselves unto his ken.  
His chart is human life; his books are men.

And this the secret is of all his art:  
He sees life wholly, others but in part.

A godlike gift is this the gods bestow  
To see the truth, to feel it and to know.

And thus because he pierces the pretence  
Of shallow smiles and words disguising sense,

The poet may not follow others' lead  
And lightly write what some may lightly read.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

But true to life his lines some trace must bear  
Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.

The sweetest music breathes a minor strain,  
And life would not be perfect but for pain.

And so the poet sings of grief and strife,  
And tears and fears, because of such is life.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Where Mother Sleeps

WHERE mother sleeps  
No sunbeam glances gladly;  
But the wind sadly  
Through the long grasses sweeps.  
The night dew weeps,  
And darkly shadows fall  
From the old ruined abbey wall  
Where ivy creeps.  
No song of bird,  
Saving the owlet's dismal cry, is heard.  
No floweret gay,  
Child of the sun-loved summer day,  
From the cold earth upleaps.  
But all is drear:  
Death's silence reigneth here —  
Where mother sleeps.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### When All the World Goes Wrong

**W**HEN all the world goes wrong, my dear,  
When all the world goes wrong,  
When in the heart no hope there is,  
And in the soul no song;  
When every thought with grief is fraught,  
Ah, then I look and long  
For love and cheer from thee, my dear,  
When all the world goes wrong!

When all the world goes right, my dear,  
When all the world goes right,  
With every promise proving true  
And every prospect bright;  
The gladsome gleams of golden dreams  
Are fairer in my sight,  
If thou art near to share, my dear,  
When all the world goes right!

But let the world go right or wrong,  
Thy hand and voice and kiss  
Can charm away, from day to day,  
My sadness into bliss;



## A ROUND OF RIMES

With thee to share my joy and care,  
My toil, my smile, my song,  
I will not fret, but freely let  
The world go right or wrong!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### My Song

I SAID, "I'll sing of all the foreign places  
And of the faces that my eyes have seen,  
Since, long ago, I looked my last on Erin,  
Beloved Erin of the valleys green!"  
And there before me like a panorama,  
The long, long drama of my exiled days,  
The friends and scenes of many a year of wand'ring,  
As I sat pond'ring, passed before my gaze.

But when I tried to sing, behold, I could not!  
My fingers would not wake the silent chords;  
And though I bent my mind unto the singing  
There was no ringing of the magic words.

And then I said: "I'll sing of one the dearest,  
Of one the nearest in the storm and strife,  
Of one who led me through the toil and trouble  
Of things ignoble to a better life;  
Yea, I will steep my soul in dreamings of her,  
For oh! I love her and have loved her long,  
And I will wake my harp to give expression  
To all my passion in a sweet, sweet song."

## A ROUND OF RIMES

But when I tried to sing, behold, I could not !

My fingers would not o'er the harpstrings move,  
And though I bent my mind unto the singing  
There was no ringing of the lay of love.

I said at last, "I 'll sing a song of Erin,

My own dear Erin o'er the distant seas;

I 'll sing of all the olden, golden glories

That fill the stories of her *seanachies*;

For through my veins her ancient blood is flowing,

My heart is glowing with her ancient fire,

And I will sing of her, though sad and lonely,

My land, the only land of my desire !"

And then I sang; I struck the harp with boldness;

No longer coldness hindered mind or hand;

And from my lips there poured the pride, the gladness,

Ay, and the sadness of my native land !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### “A Dreamer Lives Forever”

I, TOO, have been a dreamer; I have knelt  
To truth and beauty in Arcadian meads;  
The rapture of the poet I have felt,  
And all his keen desire for noble deeds.

And though my money-minded neighbor deems  
Of little worth the things that I have done,  
Far dearer to the dreamer are his dreams  
Than all the wealth by worldly wisdom won.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### When Summer Comes Again

**W**HEN summer comes again, dear,  
And balmy breezes blow,  
The fields will all be sweet with flowers  
That now are white with snow;  
Blue mists will wrap the hill, dear,  
And echoes haunt the glen,  
And sunbeams kiss the rill, dear,  
When summer comes again.

When winter winds have fled, dear,  
And winter's dreary hours,  
The lark will whistle in the cloud,  
The blackbird in the bowers;  
The earth her best will don, dear,  
To glad the eyes of men,  
When winter days are gone, dear,  
And summer comes again.

When summer comes again, dear,  
And love a spell hath wove  
Around thy gentle heart and mine  
That scarce have dreamed of love,

## A ROUND OF RIMES

The coldness of the past, dear,  
Will be forgotten then,  
When love is lord at last, dear,  
And summer comes again.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Ah, Sweet is Tipperary

AH, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,  
When the feather folk assemble and the air is all  
a-tremble

With their singing and their winging to and fro;  
When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant vesture  
on,

And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;  
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that  
dance —

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When the mists are rising from the lea,  
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all  
beguiling

And the Suir<sup>1</sup> goes crooning to the sea;

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Shure*. This is the river mentioned by Spenser in his "Faerie Queene," as

" . . . The gentle Shure that making way  
By sweet Clonmel adorns rich Waterford."

## A ROUND OF RIMES

When the shadows and the showers only multiply the  
flowers

That the lavish hand of May will fling;  
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays —  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When life like the year is young,  
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom  
breaking,  
And love words linger on the tongue;  
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,  
And love dreams cluster and cling  
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure,  
half of pain —  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Remorse

**I** SPOKE to him shortly, sharply,  
I looked on him with a frown,  
I told him his sins and follies  
Were the talk of all the town —  
And now there's a sorrow in my heart  
That tears can never drown.

Sympathy never I offered,  
Blinded I was with pride,  
The hand I should have reached him  
Hung idly at my side —  
And now Remorse a constant guest  
Will ever with me abide.

Ah, had I been more loving,  
Had I but guarded and led;  
But I went my way unheeding,  
And closed my heart instead;  
And now, too late, I love him,  
Too late, for he is dead.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Poet's Heart

**T**HE poet's heart 's a crucible wherein  
The baser metals of life's grief and wrong  
Are by the subtle alchemy of pain  
Transmuted straight into the gold of song.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Song of Liberty

OPEN your ears to the song I sing you,  
Open your eyes to the truth I show,  
Open your hearts to the hope I bring you,  
Hope for a land that is lying low;  
Centuries old are the chains that bind her,  
Centuries old is the scar she bears,  
Bitter as death are the days behind her,  
Yet through it all she never despairs!  
Rouse you then from your idle dreaming,  
Wake to welcome the time at hand,  
Liberty's light will soon be streaming  
Over the hills of our native land!

Red in the night the fires are glowing,  
Loud in the night the anvils ring,  
Faces dark in the flames are showing,  
Sinewy arms the sledges swing,  
Steady and sure the task pursuing,  
Each after each the metal strikes —  
Men, are you blind to the work they're doing?  
Can you not see they are forging pikes!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Pikes, the weapons of good and true men,  
Pikes, the weapons of Freedom's sons,  
Pikes to put in the hands of you, men,  
After a while you may capture guns!

Listen, we 've heard from across the water,  
Heard a message from friendly lips —  
France, young Liberty's daring daughter,  
Over the sea is sending ships  
Laden with means for the land's salvation —  
Men and money and arms, galore,  
Coming to help us raise the nation  
Up to her ancient place once more!  
Rouse you then from your idle dreaming,  
Grasp the weapon that fits the hand,  
Liberty's light will soon be streaming  
Over the hills of our native land!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### First Love

**O**H, sweet is life when Youth is in the blood !  
And Love first lays his glamour on the heart ?  
When dreams anticipant are at their flood,  
And into being new-found feelings start !

O Time ! thy swiftly flying steps retrace ;  
Come, Love, again, and fill my heart with joy ;  
For what can Manhood offer to replace  
The rapturous self-deception of a boy !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Sorrow of Love

**I** SAID, "I am fain to borrow,  
O Life, of your joys' sweet store."  
But the gift of Love brought sorrow  
Worse than was mine before.

Yet I 'm conscious of life completer  
From the sorrows the years have brought,  
For the sorrow of Love is sweeter  
Than joy where Love is not.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### An Old Woman's Thought

AH, if I were only in Erin,  
In Erin far over the wave,  
'T is little at all I'd be carin',  
And few are the troubles I'd have!  
For there are the well-beloved places —  
The chapel, the village, the mill,  
The sthream laughing loud as it races  
Down from the hill.

There, mornin's in spring many scented,  
There hawthorn's snowy white bloom,  
There sunsets at evenin' God-painted,  
There glow-worms shine in the gloom  
There boreens enchantin'ly mazy  
All bordered with flowers in June,  
There daffy-down-dilly and daisy  
And meadow larks tune.

There friends at each turn to meet me  
With kindly "God save you, ashore!"  
An' others with blessin's to greet me  
The minute I'd open the door.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

There children the soft chair to bring me,  
Sayin', "Welcome! Sit down awhile, ma'am,"  
And never the cowl'd word to sting me,  
Ould as I am.

But here I am weary, so weary!  
The city's smoke spreads like a pall,  
The skies are so gray and so dreary,  
There's no friend to greet me at all;  
My daughters are proud, overbearin',  
My sons wish me laid in the grave —  
Ah! if I were only in Erin,  
'T is few of these troubles I'd have!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### “In the Tumult of the City”

**I**N the tumult of the city there is neither rest nor  
peace,  
Of the hurry and the worry we may never know  
surcease,  
For, before one trouble's ended there's another all  
begun,  
And before one race is over there's another to be  
run.  
But I know a land of quiet, but I know a place of  
dreams,  
By a softly-flowing river that's the pleasantest of  
streams,  
Where a soothing wind is sighing through the mead-  
ows all the day,  
In my own dear native valley far away!

In the tumult of the city there is glory to be won,  
And the promptings of ambition at one's heart are  
never done;  
But I'm weary of the struggle and I'm fain again to  
lie  
In the long, luxuriant grasses where the river wanders  
by.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Let them fight for fame who want it, I had rather sit  
and dream

In the pleasant fields of Erin with the sunlight on the  
stream;

What's the good of gold and glory when your life is  
dull and gray,

And you're sighing for a valley far away!

But the tumult of the city, howsoever loud it be,  
Can not drown the robin's singing in the fields of  
memory;

And the clouds of care that hover, can not mar the  
mental view

Of the smiling Irish meadows with the river flowing  
through;

So I'll face, again, the battle, though the odds be ten  
to one,

For the future can not rob me of the happiness that's  
gone;

And I'll gird my soul in patience, though I never-  
more may stray

Through my own dear native valley far away!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Go Where You Will

**G**O where you will, my heart will follow after;  
Ever my ears are listening for your laughter;  
Ever my eyes look longingly to see  
Your face, again, that is so dear to me!

Go where you will, may blessings be about you;  
Drear are the days, dear one, and sad, without you;  
Swift be the wings of time until I see  
Your face, again, that is so dear to me!

Go where you will — love laughs at time or distance;  
Love still maintains, through all, its sweet insistence;  
Yet, knowing this, I still am fain to see  
Your face, again, that is so dear to me!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Question

**I**F, after all the vows that I have sworn  
Of love and constancy, my heart should stray  
To brighter eyes and redder lips, and scorn  
Thy love that has been mine for many a day,

Wouldst thou upbraid me with a bitter tongue,  
And call down curses on my recreant head?  
Or wouldst thou, for love's sake, forgive the wrong,  
And let thy heart be merciful instead?

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Shamrock from the Suir<sup>1</sup>

OUR country's feast is drawing near;  
Then, sister mine, I pray,  
Send me a little shamrock, dear,  
To wear upon that day;  
'T will comfort me, and make me strong  
My exile to endure,  
'T will be what I have wished for long —  
A shamrock from the Suir.

A shamrock from the sun-loved vale  
Wherein my youth was spent;  
A shamrock kissed by ev'ry gale  
And sweet with springtime's scent;  
A shamrock that at vesper bell  
Has drunk of dew-drops pure;  
A shamrock that the heart can tell  
Grew green beside the Suir!

And oh, the memories of old  
That to my mind will rise,

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Shure*.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

When I the triple leaves behold  
    Again, with tear-dimmed eyes !  
And oh, the dreams of days ere yet  
    I followed fortune's lure,  
Ere hearts were sad, or eyes tear-wet  
    Beside the peaceful Suir !

And faces that for years have lain  
    Beneath the graveyard mould  
Will greet me smilingly again  
    As in the days of old ;  
And once again my mother mild  
    Will breathe her teachings pure,  
For I 'll be as a little child —  
    A child beside the Suir.

Then send a shamrock, dear, to me  
    Across the dreary wave,  
And pluck it from beneath the tree  
    That shades our mother's grave ;  
And all the pain and weariness  
    Which vainly seeks a cure  
Will fly, when to my lips I press  
    That shamrock from the Suir !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Memories of Ireland

I SEE in dreams a purple mountain rise  
Above a verdant vale,  
Across the azure stretches of the skies  
I see the cloud-ships sail.

A river rippled by a wandering wind  
Sighs mournfully along,  
As if its waters grieved to leave behind  
The beauties here that throng.

And this is home, thus pictured in my dreams,  
This hill is Slieve-na-mon;  
And this the Suir, the queen of all the streams  
The sunlight plays upon.

This is the summer sky of bygone days  
That on my youthhood smiled,  
And this the Golden Valley, through whose ways  
I wandered when a child.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Oh, dear dream-pictures of my native Isle  
Across the spreading seas,  
You give me grief — you give me joy the while, —  
Oh, sad, sweet memories !

For, as in Ireland, through the blinding rain  
The sun's bright rays are cast;  
So pleasure mingles in my heart with pain  
Remembering the past !



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Dreams

WHEN the balmy days grow long,  
Love, I dream of thee the more,  
And I weave into my song  
All the sad, sweet thoughts that throng  
Of the golden days of yore.  
If to dream of thee be wrong,  
Then have I offended sore.  
Love, I dream of thee the more  
When the balmy days grow long.

All the winter have I sighed  
For thy presence, wearily;  
Grieving gazed across the wide  
Gulf of selfish human pride  
That divided thee and me.  
Now sweet hope inspires my song,  
Wears the smile that once she wore —  
Love, I dream of thee the more  
When the balmy days grow long!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Poor Love must Wait

POOR Love must wait till duty 's done,  
Poor Love must wait till fame be won,  
Though years go sighing, one by one,  
    "Too late! Too late!"  
Till duty 's done and fame be won,  
    Poor Love must wait.

Poor Love must wait though hearts may ache,  
Poor Love must wait though hearts may break,  
Though tears will flow for his dear sake —  
    Yet such is Fate,  
Though hearts may ache, though hearts may break,  
    Poor Love must wait!

Poor Love must wait, through every pain,  
Poor Love must wait — but not in vain.  
Though all things else by time be slain,  
    Love conquers Fate!  
Oh, not in vain, through every pain  
    Poor Love must wait!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### To One in Bohemia

**B**ROTHER in suffering, brother, too, in song,  
We well can smile at what the days may bring,  
For we have known the limit of life's wrong  
And felt of sorrow's pain the utmost sting.

Then let us sing — gazing with fearless eyes  
Upon the coming years, whate'er they bear,  
Behold the sun is shining in the skies,  
And God is master of the world's despair!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### O Land of Youth!

O LAND of Youth! O Land of hopeful hearts!  
O flowery, fruitful Land of faith and trust!  
How sweet to turn — as year on year departs,  
And sees each fond illusion fall to dust —  
How sweet, and yet how sad, to turn away  
From present pain, the past to linger o'er,  
And try to bring into the bleak to-day  
The dreams of joy that I shall know no more!

O Land of Youth! Swift rolls the tide of Time,  
Whose current bears me farther still from thee,  
Through many a strange and uncongenial clime  
My bark of life goes outward to the sea;  
More distant grow thy hills that used to rise  
Like inspirations in the days of yore,  
And naught remains of thee to glad my eyes,  
O Land of Youth, that I shall see no more!

But memory musing o'er the golden hours  
That once were mine within thy verdant vales,  
Transports me back again among the flowers  
Whose fragrance freighted all the summer gales;

## A ROUND OF RIMES

And one fair face that I would fain forget  
Looks out upon me from a cottage door,  
Until my heart is weary with regret —  
Regret for love that I shall know no more!

O Land of Youth; Too soon we leave behind  
Thy ways serene, thy innocent delights!  
Too soon we burden the exhausted mind  
With toilsome days of care and cheerless nights!  
Would God that it had been my lot to stay  
A little longer on thy friendly shore,  
And so, perhaps, possess thy peace to-day —  
Thy blessed peace, that I shall know no more!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Across the Seas in Erin

**A**CROSS the seas in Erin are manly hearts and true,  
Are souls to dream,  
And minds to scheme,  
And willing hands to do!  
Then wherefore from her valleys do her scattered  
people flee?  
And wherefore is she still oppressed when other lands  
are free?  
Alas! alas, for Erin! With all her brain and brawn,  
The years reveal  
Her children's steel  
Against each other drawn.

Across the seas in Erin are men like those who made  
The martial fame  
And splendid name  
Of Meagher's bold brigade!  
Then wherefore is the right denied that she has sued  
for long?  
And why is she still bowed beneath sad centuries of  
wrong?

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Alas! alas, for Erin! With all the stirring deeds,  
In chains she lives,  
And no one gives  
The unity she needs.

Across the seas in Erin, what joy to hear again  
The voice of one  
Whose magic tone  
Could fuse the hearts of men!  
Could fuse the various hearts of men till petty strife  
should die,  
And o'er her hills should ring one grand united  
battle cry!  
Alas! alas, for Erin! Her faith in men is past,  
But God is just,  
And God He must  
Uplift her at the last!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Rose of my Heart

**R** OSES riot in rich profusion  
Over the garden walls of June;  
Birds are singing in rare confusion  
Each with his own sweet summer tune.

Fair are the flowers that morn discloses  
Still suffused with the tears of dew —  
Yet I know that of all the roses,  
Rose of my heart, there is none like you !



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Memory of Emmet

**Y**EARS come and go, and kings grow old and die,  
And those who whilom held the world in thrall  
Throneless and sceptreless and crownless lie,  
Finding in death the common fate of all.

Systems and dynasties and nations rise,  
Awhile the destinies of men they sway;  
Anon a ruin staring at the skies  
Proclaims their littleness and their decay.

Vainly the monarch flings around his throne  
A shining armament of mail-clad hordes;  
Vainly, for lo, the centuries are strown  
With wrecks of kingdoms once upheld by swords!

Nothing survives save Right — nor king, nor throne;  
That nation, howsoe'er its strongholds stand,  
Which hath not Right for its foundation-stone  
Is like a house that 's built upon the sand.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Nothing survives save Right — for God is just;  
The Right is His, He guards it thro' the years;  
He humbles the oppressor in the dust,  
He hath an answer to a nation's tears.

Nothing survives save Right — a man to-day  
For loving Right may meet a shameful death,  
But glorified by death, his name, for aye,  
Becomes the watchword of a nation's faith!

Thus Emmet died a hundred years ago,  
Thus unto Right his faithfulness he proved;  
His only crime — for crime they called it so —  
Was this, he would have freed the land he loved!

A hundred years ago. And yet, and yet,  
Where is the Irish heart that does not flame,  
Fired with a love 't were treason to forget,  
At the mere sound of Robert Emmet's name!

He saw his country's very life assailed,  
Bleeding and bound a victim at the stake,  
He tried to set her free and, when he failed,  
He freely gave his life for her dear sake.

"Let no man write my epitaph," he said;  
(A hand enslaved were utterly unfit,)

## A ROUND OF RIMES

So on the stone that marks where he is laid,  
His country, still un-freed, no word has writ.

But what are epitaphs engraved on stone,  
Or eulogies emblazoned on a scroll?  
His name and fame endures, and his alone,  
Whose deeds are shrined within his country's soul.

Kings and their hireling hosts, when they depart,  
Rot un-remembered as the years go by;  
But while there beats one faithful Irish heart,  
The memory of Emmet shall not die!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Prairie Reminiscence

**I**N the years of youth and yearning, when I wandered  
free and far

Out beyond the smoke of cities where the spreading  
prairies are,

Once I lingered for a season by a stream that flowed  
along,

Lingered captured and enraptured by a maiden and  
a song.

Ah, the years between are long,

But remembrances will throng

Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing  
wrong,

Though she 's lying low to-day

In the westland far away,

I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of  
her song !

Oh, the splendor of that summer never from my mind  
shall fade !

Nor the sweetness of the singing nor the beauty of the  
maid,

Though the days of youth may vanish, yet the dreams  
of youth remain,

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Be the measure of our pleasure mingled howsoe'er  
with pain.

Ah, the years between are long,

But remembrances will throng

Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing  
wrong.

Though upon her lonely grave

Prairie blooms in beauty wave,

I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of  
her song!

Long ago I ceased my roving, ceased to wander free  
and far,

And the golden grand ideals of my boyhood buried  
are;

But a vision comes to cheer me as the dull days drag  
along

Of a maiden, flower-laden, pouring forth her soul in  
song.

Ah, the years between are long,

Still the memory is strong

Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing  
wrong.

Summer's sun and winter's snow,

In her grave she 's lying low;

But I 'm dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of  
her song!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### In Summer

**A**CROSS the land the summer walks in splendor;  
The flowers spring up to greet her, and the skies  
Look down upon her with a glance as tender  
As love awakens in a maiden's eyes.

Along the eaves I see the creeper clinging,  
The morning-glories open to the sun,  
And in the orchard trees the birds are singing  
Their vesper service when the day is done.

The silence of the winter and its sadness  
Have given place to music and to mirth,  
And yet my heart discovers naught of gladness  
In all the light and beauty of the earth.

For one who loved the summer and the sweetness  
Of woods and fields responsive to her breath  
Has passed away with more than summer's fleetness  
Into the realm of darkness and of death.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Picture

**L**OVE'S languorous look lies dreaming in her  
eyes,

Red roses cluster in her night-black hair,  
And all in vain her snowy vesture tries  
To match the whiteness of her bosom fair.

Serenely beautiful, with every grace,  
With every gift that nature can impart,  
A perfect woman, radiant in her place,  
And lacking only this: A woman's heart!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### For Love's Sweet Sake

O H, I have wandered many a weary mile,  
For Love's sweet sake,  
With aching heart and breaking heart the while,  
For Love's sweet sake,  
And often have I seen, through all those years,  
My brightest hopes dissolve in darkest fears,  
And known full well the bitterness of tears,  
For Love's sweet sake.

The ways forsaken of the world I've trod,  
For Love's sweet sake,  
My miseries unseen of all but God,  
For Love's sweet sake.

A stranger among strangers, I have lain  
My tired head upon the lap of Pain,  
And felt the weight of burdens borne in vain,  
For Love's sweet sake.

And knowing all I have endured for thee,  
And Love's sweet sake,  
Wilt thou not, of thy pity, turn to me,  
For Love's sweet sake?



## A ROUND OF RIMES

Unlock the door thy blindness closèd fast,  
Forget the cruel coldness of the past,  
And let me come into thy heart at last,  
For Love's sweet sake!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### I Saw

**I** SAW the golden moon arise  
    Out of the silent sea,  
I saw the star-shine fill the skies  
    With deeper mystery;  
I saw the shadowy ships go on  
    Across the swelling tide —  
And grief was in my heart for one  
    Who loved me and who died !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Voices from Erin

**T**HERE are always voices calling to the exile over-  
seas,  
Cries from Erin's mother-heart are on the wings of  
every wind;  
And they fill the eye with pictures, and the mind with  
memories,  
Of the days of youth and love that, long ago, he  
left behind.

There are always voices calling — and the clamorous  
demands  
Of the present, its ambitions and its triumphs and  
its fears,  
Can not lessen for an instant, tho' he strays in distant  
lands,  
All the sweetness to the exile of the dreams of  
other years!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Sweetheart

**S**WEETHEART, O sweetheart! Though winter  
winds are loud,  
Though silently the earth lies beneath its snowy  
shroud,  
For me the birds are singing and the skies serene  
and blue,  
Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

Sweetheart, O sweetheart! The hearts of some are  
bowed  
In homage to the haughty, in bondage to the proud,  
But happier am I by far than those who vainly sue,  
Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

Sweetheart, O sweetheart! though thickly sorrows  
crowd,  
Though false are the friends who eternal friendship  
vowed,  
For me the future shines as if all the world were true,  
Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### “The Heart of Having is Sad”

**O**H, how can you repay me for the hopeless love  
and longing

Of the silent adoration that I offered you for  
years —

For years of doubt and darkness and of trials that  
came thronging,

When my heritage and portion was the bitterness of  
tears !

The happiness you grant me now it may not find  
expression ;

The love you lavish on me it is given few to know —  
But yet, despite the rapture of the present and its  
passion,

I can't forget the desolate despair of long ago !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Heroes

**I**F so it be we are forbid by fate  
To do the deeds that make a hero great,

Let 's do our duty each one as he should,  
And, lacking greatness, let 's at least be good.

Oh, there are seeds of kindness to be sown  
In hearts that never have such kindness known;

And words of gentleness and actions true  
Are always possible for me and you.

'T is true these seem of little worth, because  
They do not win for us the world's applause.

But noble actions are not judged by size,  
The great intent the action magnifies.

And though our names the world may never fill,  
The ear of God may find them sweeter still.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Ireland

OH, Ireland, Ireland, amid the waters blue,  
Across the seas, across the years my heart goes  
back to you,  
To you and to the faithful friends my early boyhood  
knew  
In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true!

Oh, Ireland, Ireland, I mind me of the dew  
That sparkled on the flowers fair that in your meadows  
grew,  
I mind me of the playmates and the schoolmates not  
a few  
In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true!

Oh, Ireland, Ireland, though other nations sue  
To win my heart's affection, yet I'm not forgetting  
you,  
There are no scenes so beautiful, no friends like those  
I knew  
In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### When Love Lay Dead

WHEN Love lay dead —  
Communing with my grieving heart, I said:  
“Now let my lot be wheresoever cast,  
Little I care, the joy of life is past.  
The golden dreams that filled the olden days,  
The gladd’ning gleams of love-illumined ways,  
For aye have fled.  
Gone are the smiles that once the future wore,  
Gone are the gifts that once the future bore,  
Gone is my happiness, forevermore,  
Since Love lies dead.”

But from Love’s tomb  
Upsprang, as springs a flower in perfect bloom,  
A hope of purer, better, things to be —  
A mind made stronger by its misery,  
A heart grown tenderer by wounds that bled,  
And eyes made kindlier by tears they shed,  
A soul set free —  
And life grew sweet, again, so sweet to me,  
Though Love lay dead!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Midnight Mass

(An incident of the Penal Days.)

WITH stealthy steps across the wold  
In haste the hunted *soggarth*<sup>1</sup> goes,  
The winter winds are blowing cold,  
Around him fall the winter snows.  
But little does he heed the wind,  
The blinding snow, the dark morass,  
Far fiercer are the foes behind —  
He goes to say the midnight Mass.

For hours, with many a devious turn,  
He's led the chase o'er moor and fen,  
Beheld the village tapers burn,  
But dare not seek the haunts of men,  
For close upon his track have prest,  
(His holy faith the only cause)  
With horrid oath and ruffian jest,  
The minions of the Penal Laws.

<sup>1</sup> Properly *sagart*, the Irish word for priest.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

And woe to him should evil hap,  
    Into their hands the priest betray!  
The raven o'er his corse would flap  
    Her sable pinions ere the day —  
But fainter now have grown their cries,  
    Their shots more distant than before,  
And hopes within his heart arise  
    That he has baffled them once more.

But vain the hope of baffled foes;  
    A few more sanguine than the rest  
Still mark the trail as on he goes,  
    Still keep the chase with eager zest;  
But all unconscious fares he still,  
    By tangled wood and torrent dread  
To where, beneath a lonely hill,  
    The Mass in secret may be said.

Oh, *faillte! failte!* Round him throng  
    The remnant of his scattered flock —  
And Mass, with neither chant nor song,  
    Is offered from a fallen rock.  
And never at cathedral shrine  
    Were purer spirits wrapped in prayer  
Than those who worshipped the Divine  
    Before that lowly altar there.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

But hark ! The rite is scarcely done  
When rings a cry upon the breeze —  
“Up, Father, for your life, and run !”  
The priest arises from his knees.  
Too late ! One muttered prayer to God :  
A volley shakes the mountain-pass,  
The priest lies slain upon the sod,  
He'll say no more the midnight Mass !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### “Come Unto Me”

FILLED is the world with misery and sorrow,  
Sad are our lives with bitterness and sin,  
Cares for to-day and worries for to-morrow,  
Darkness without and deeper gloom within;  
Yet in the midst of our profound depression  
There is an eye Divine our needs to see,  
There is a voice of infinite compassion  
Saying in accents sweet, “Come unto Me.”

“Come unto Me, you weary ones that labor,  
Jesus of Nazareth — lo, I am He!  
I am the Christ transfigured on Mount Tabor,  
I am the Christ transfixed on Calvary!  
What though you’ve sinned against my heavenly  
Father,  
Yet have I pity on your souls distressed,  
You to My Sacred Heart I fain would gather,  
Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

“Come unto Me! Oh, heed the invitation,  
You whom the world has treated with disdain;

## A ROUND OF RIMES

You who have need of strength and consolation,  
You who would find a solace for your pain;  
Cease to pursue each fleeting, false ideal,  
Follow no longer every fruitless quest;  
Only in Me is there a joy that's real,  
Only with Me will you find perfect rest."

Ah! the sweet word of our dear Lord in heaven,  
Ah! the bright hope that nothing here can dim,  
Though on our lives the stain of sin be, even,  
He'll not deny us if we come to Him;  
Then let our nearest turn in coldness from us,  
Then let our dearest fail at friendship's test,  
Have we not Christ and His unfailing promise:  
"Come unto Me and I will give you rest"?

Many a shadow may enshroud the dreamer,  
Many a cry may fall upon his ear,  
But the sweet voice of his Divine Redeemer  
Softly insistent he must always hear;  
And though his days be filled with strife and sadness,  
And though he sings but in a minor key,  
Still there remains to touch his life with gladness  
Ever the words of Christ: "Come unto Me."

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Christmas-time in Ireland

AT Christmas-time in Ireland how the holly  
branches twine

In stately hall and cabin old and gray!  
And red among the lea es the holly-berries brightly  
shine,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.  
And brighter than the berries are the kindly Irish eyes,  
And cheery are the greetings of the day, —  
The greetings and the blessings from the Irish hearts  
that rise

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

At Christmas-time in Ireland you can hear the chapel  
bell

A-calling ere the dawning of the day,  
You can see the people thronging over field and over  
fell,

To the "early Mass" in Ireland far away;  
And saintly are the *soggarths*<sup>1</sup> that before the altars  
stand,

And faithful are the flocks that kneel and pray —

<sup>1</sup> Properly, *sagairt*, plural of *sagart*, priest.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Ah, surely God must show'r His choicest blessings on  
the land

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away !

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is feasting, there is  
song,

And merrily the fife and fiddle play,  
And lightly dance the colleens and the boys the even-  
ing long,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.

There is light and there is laughter, there is music,  
there is mirth,

And lovers speak as only lovers may, —  
Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on earth  
As Christmas-time in Ireland far away !

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is sorrow, too, for  
those

Who scattered far in exile sadly stray,  
And many a tear in silence for a friend belovèd flows  
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away ;

But still amid the grieving is a hope to banish fears,  
That God will send them safely back some day,  
To know again the happiness that long ago was theirs  
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Song I Would Sing

I 'M fain, in the song that I sing for thee, dearest,  
To weave all the beauties around me that lie,  
The gleam of the stream when its wave is the clearest,  
The green of the woods and the blue of the sky;  
The crystalline dew on the grass of the meadows,  
The morning mist hiding the high mountain crest,  
The shine of the sun and the play of the shadows,  
The shimmer of leaves that are never at rest —

But only a rime that has no beauty in it  
Is all the result of the effort I make,  
And dreams that I 'd capture are gone in a minute,  
And rude is the song that I sing for your sake.

I 'm fain in the song that I sing for thee, dearest,  
To weave all the music that nature affords,  
The lilt of the lark when the summer is nearest,  
Too subtle and sweet in its meaning for words;  
The hum of the bees that are robbing the roses,  
The faraway sound of the surges of seas,



## A ROUND OF RIMES

The chorus of birds when the summer day closes,  
The laughter of rills and the whisper of trees,

But only a rime that has no music in it  
Is all the result of the effort I make,  
And dreams that I 'd capture are gone in a minute,  
And rude is the song that I sing for your sake.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Waiting

**O**H, ever and ever the waves roll in,  
And beat on the yellow sands!  
But never, oh never, the lad comes back  
Who voyaged to distant lands!  
The ocean is white with the sails of ships  
That steer for the harbor of Lynn;  
I scan them all with an anxious eye,  
But never my ship comes in.

Moans the sea, the wild winds wail,  
But still no trace of my lover's sail;  
Sailor men drinking and singing in Lynn,  
But never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Long years ago my lover's ship  
Sailed out on the ebbing tide;  
I watched her till only a tiny speck  
Upon the horizon wide.  
And many a gallant youth since then  
Has striven my heart to win —  
But my heart is over the waters afar  
With a ship that never comes in.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Oh, ever and ever the sound of the wave! —  
It cries like a mother over a grave;  
Wedding bells clanging and ringing in Lynn,  
But never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Yestreen the maidens, one and all,  
Donned holiday coif and gown  
To greet the soldiers, scarlet clad,  
Parading through the town.  
Rejoiced and cheered they all save I,  
For 'mid the merry din  
I thought of a sailor lad, and I wept  
For a ship that never comes in.

Oh, young folk marry, and old folk die,  
Merry folk laugh, and weary folk sigh!  
Sad, oh sad, is the town of Lynn,  
For never, oh never, my ship comes in!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### After Summer

**Y**OU will come again, O Summer, with the fragrance of the flowers,  
And the verdant meadows vying with the beauty of the bowers,  
Shady woods and waves that shimmer, and the blue sky bending o'er,  
But a happy heart, O Summer, you will bring me back no more!

You will come again, O Summer, with the singing of the birds,  
And the loving laugh replying to the ring of wooing words,  
With the mirth and merry-making of the days in pleasure spent,  
But you'll never bring, O Summer, back again my heart's content!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Do We Forget?

**D**O we forget because our tears are dried,  
Because the passionate outburst of our woe  
Is silent now, are our beloved who died  
Forgotten in their narrow beds and low?

Ah, no; though other thoughts may move the mind,  
Though other feelings may possess the heart,  
We keep the memory of the dead enshrined  
In deep recesses, sacred and apart.

And though we weep no more as first we did  
When death appeared and hid them from our eyes,  
Love is not covered with a coffin-lid,  
And sad remembrance of them never dies!

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## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Love and Reason

**I**F love forget what love most dear should hold,  
Or learn the things that love should never know,  
Then, maid, beware, — for soon above the cold  
Dead ashes of your love your tears will flow.

Love's draught is sweet — the sweetest far that flows  
To bathe the lips of those who fain would sup;  
Love's draught is sweet, but bitter soon it grows,  
If reason be not mingled in the cup.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### An Exile's Longing

WHEN I feel the breezes blowing, strongly blowing  
from the West,  
And I mark the steamers sailing back across the  
ocean's breast,  
Then my heart is sick within me to be going with the  
rest

To Ireland !

For the weary years are long,  
And my life is going wrong,  
And I 'm longing for the sight of Ireland !

Oh happy are the people who with streaming eyes  
behold

In the blessed light of morning Erin's headlands  
looming bold,

And happy thrice are they who tread the scenes  
beloved of old

In Ireland !

For the exiled years of grief  
In their present joy are brief,  
And they are glad to be back in Ireland !

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Let me come again to Ireland ere my days be all  
forespent,

Though my hair be white as ashes and my body weak  
and bent,

Let me only come to die there, and I know I'll die  
content

In Ireland.

For 't is sweet when life is past

To lie down to rest at last,

With the friends of our youth in Ireland!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Whene'er I Think of Thee

**W**HENE'ER I think of thee, of thee who died  
While yet my lips were warm with thy caress,  
Who pined and failed and faded from my side  
As fades a flower of summer loveliness,  
A long procession moves before my eyes  
Of days that once were dear to thee and me,  
And floods of sadly-sweet emotions rise  
Whene'er I think of thee.

Whene'er I think of thee my soul expands,  
The beauty of creation is my own,  
No longer bound by sorrow's iron bands  
I pine in rayless wretchedness, alone.  
And all things lovely that have ever been  
Or through the ages evermore will be,  
I hold them every one my heart within  
Whene'er I think of thee.

The splendor of the sunset and the dawn,  
The rose breath wafted on the winds of June,  
The startled shyness of the forest fawn,  
The haunting music of the robin's tune,

## A ROUND OF RIMES

The mystery of the starlight on the plain,  
The magic of the moonlight on the sea,  
All these, and more than these, are mine again  
Whene'er I think of thee.

Whene'er I think of thee my youth returns,  
My fair, free youth, my days of daring dreams,  
And many a joy for which the present yearns,  
Comes back to haunt me with its golden gleams,  
And youthful hopes, love-sanctified and blest,  
Once more in all their witchery I see;  
They come again, my first-beloved and best,  
Whene'er I think of thee.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### “Bonny Mary of Argyle”

**W**HEN the summer sun in splendor  
On the distant plains had set,  
And the golden-rod so tender  
By the falling dew was wet.  
When the vesper-bird was silent,  
And the winds had ceased to sigh,  
By our cottage door we gathered  
Out beneath the dark'ning sky,  
And full soon a voice was ringing,  
And we sat entranced the while, —  
One we loved was sweetly singing  
“Bonny Mary of Argyle.”

I have heard rich voices blending  
In cathedrals old and dim,  
To the throne of God ascending  
Craving mercy, peace, of Him.  
But within my memory liveth  
That sweet song of other years,  
And hath power to soothe my sadness  
With the blessed balm of tears.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Ah, the grandest anthem ringing  
In cathedral choir or aisle,  
Could not equal that sweet singing,  
"Bonny Mary of Argyle!"

'Neath the golden-rod now lieth  
The fair singer of the song,  
And the western zephyr sigheth  
O'er her lone grave all day long.  
Weary I, and heavy-hearted,  
Plod a-through the world my way,  
And my life with many a sorrow  
Is more darkened day by day,  
But a tender mem'ry clinging  
Brings me back a gentle smile,  
And a voice so sweetly singing  
"Bonny Mary of Argyle."

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### I Think of Thee

**I** THINK of thee  
When evening shades are falling,  
And sweet bells calling  
From a white convent o'er the distant lea;  
And dreamily  
The evening breezes blow from out the west.  
The world's at rest,  
In twilight wrapt, serene, and turmoil-free.  
A nightingale  
Sings his sad song and sweet far down the vale  
Where deepest shadows be —  
All lonely I  
Gaze on the darkened meads, the darkening sky,  
And think of thee!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### A Buried Heart

**T**HEY buried the maid in the forest glade;  
They digged her grave in the shade of a fir;  
(Over the spot where she is laid  
Whispering winds with branches stir).

Solemn and slow the gray-haired priest  
Murmured a Latin prayer, and ceased.  
The holy water fell like a tear,  
As they piled the mould upon her bier.

Low, low in the forest glade  
They laid her down in the shade of a fir —  
But, all unknown to the priest who pray'd,  
Unknown to the wielders of mattock and spade,  
They buried my heart in the grave with her!

Fair she was as flow'rs in the dell,  
That rise where the feet of spring have trod,  
And pure as the saints that the seers tell  
Chant round the great white throne of God.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Sweet was her voice as the birds that sing  
When summer kisses departing spring;  
And her lightest word was more to me  
Than aught on earth again may be.

Wild was the grief of her friends, and loud,  
As they laid her low in the shade of a fir;  
Tears shone on the cheek of her father proud —  
But I was mute amid the crowd,  
Tho' my heart was deep in the grave with her!

Toll, toll, O mission bell,  
Toll for the fair-faced maid who died.  
Voices of priests in Masses swell,  
And waft her soul to the Virgin's side!

Toll, toll, O sad-voiced bell,  
For the maid who lies in the shade of a fir;  
And, oh, let your notes ring out as well  
For my heart that lies in the grave with her.

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### The Autumn Rain

**R**AINING in the springtime! —  
But we always know  
That the sun will shine again  
In a day or so.  
Though the eaves may drip and drip,  
Skies be overcast,  
In our hearts we feel and say  
“’T is n’t long to last.  
Soon the summer’s sweetness  
All the land will fill,  
Murk and mist no longer  
Hide the distant hill;  
Soon again the sky will  
Smile upon the plain” —  
Thus we feel in springtime,  
Looking at the rain.

Raining in the autumn! —  
Ah, the dreary day!  
Will the clouds that hide the sun  
Never pass away!



## A ROUND OF RIMES

Listen to the monotone  
Of the dripping eaves.  
List to the lamenting of  
The wind among the leaves.  
Gone the summer's beauty —  
Every bud is dead;  
Gone the summer's music —  
Every bird is fled;  
All the hopes that held us  
Through the year are vain,  
When we sit in autumn  
Looking at the rain!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

### Come, Cheer Up!

**C**OME, cheer up, my moody friend!  
What 's the good of whining?  
What 's the good of moping 'round  
Sighing and repining?  
See, the sky is bright and blue,  
See, the sun is shining!  
Let the sun shine in on you,  
On your heart and spirit, too,  
Let it bid you dare and do —  
What 's the good of whining?  
Come, cheer up!

Come, cheer up! Lift up your head!  
What 's the good of whining?  
Lo, the very darkest cloud  
Has a silver lining!  
Face your fate and do not stand  
Peaking thus and pining;  
Though your gift may not be grand,  
Do what 's nearest to your hand,  
Do it well and truly, and  
You won't think of whining —  
Come, cheer up!

## A ROUND OF RIMES

Come, cheer up! Whate'er your lot,  
What 's the good of whining?  
Griefs? Why, every grief you bear  
Is of wise designing.  
Cares? Why, every care is sent  
Trying and refining.  
Then be blithe of heart and strong,  
Labor hard and labor long,  
And amid your smile and song  
Leave no place for whining —  
Come, cheer up!















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